

7-1978

Hollywood Free Paper, July 1978

Duane Pederson

Jesus People International

Jackson Wilcox

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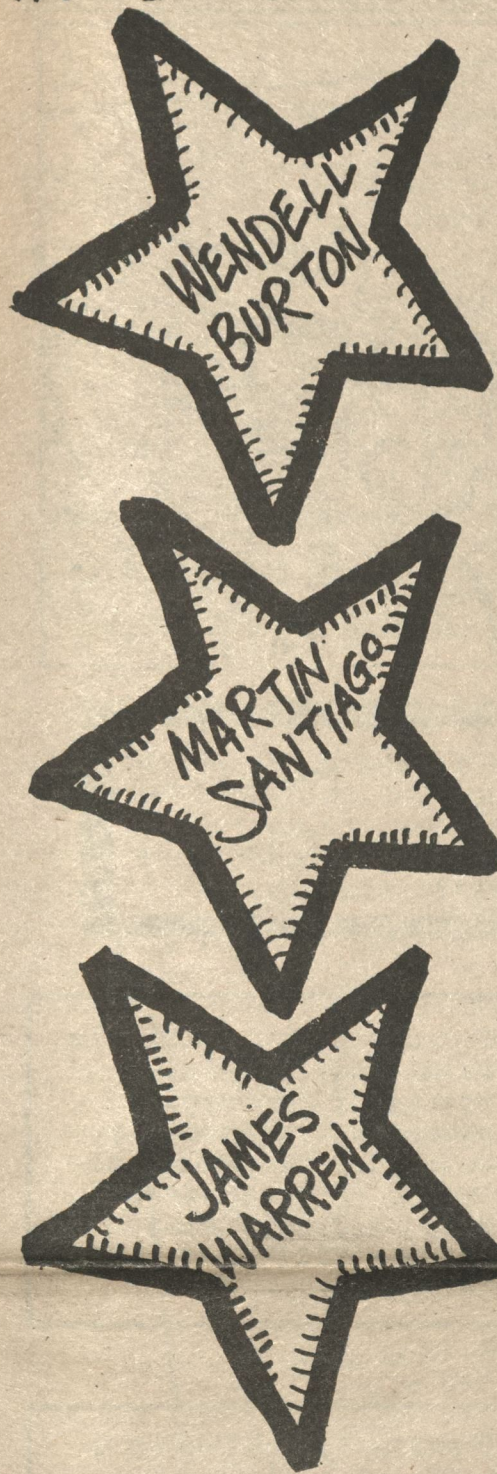
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10:3 (Jul 1978)

IT'S ALL INSIDE —



Christian Prison Volunteers

READ
THIS
AND *Smile*

HOLLYWOOD FREE PAPER

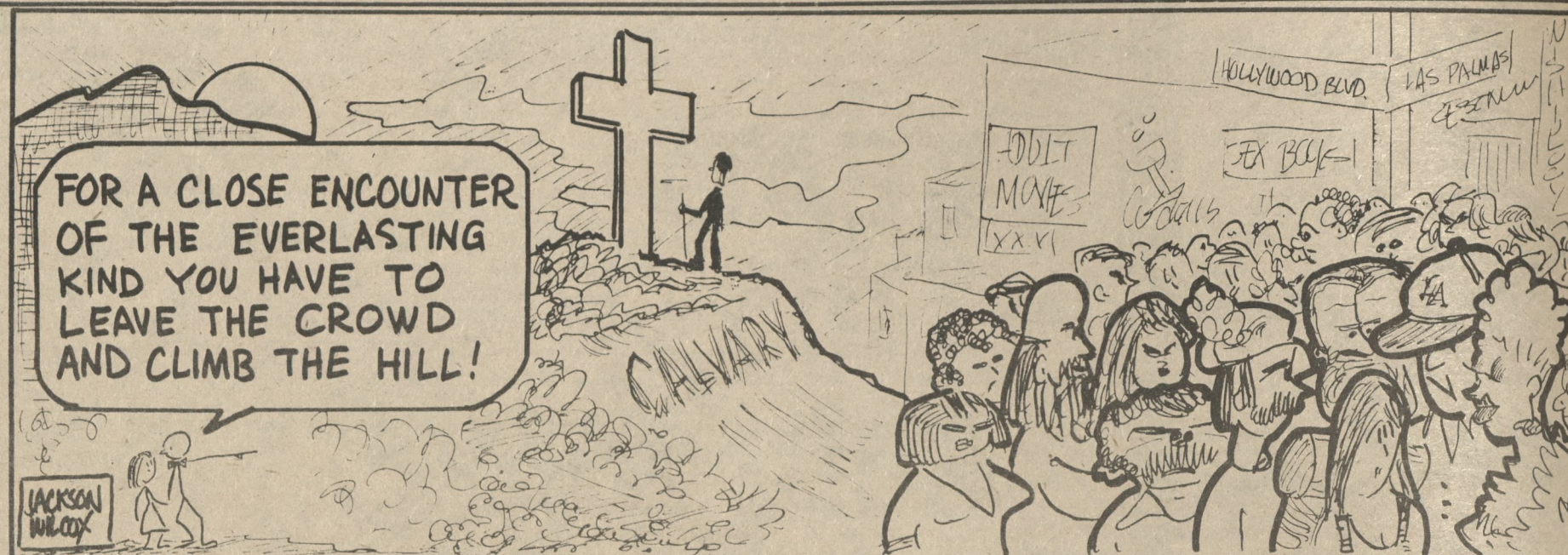
BOX 1949 HOLLYWOOD CA 90028

ISSUE 678



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CHRISTIAN PRISON VOLUNTEERS
Box 1949 Hollywood CA 90028



Visit-by-Mail

FOR SOME TIME NOW Christian Prison Volunteers has had a pen pal program called "Visit-by-mail" for people in prison who would like to hear from Christians outside.

Every other month a bulletin is published with all the names of those who have asked to be included. This bulletin is then sent to Christians who write requesting a pen pal.

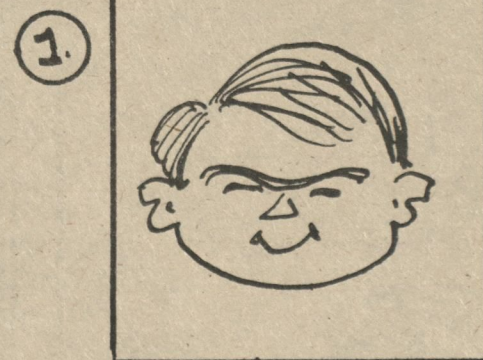
After you write us please be patient. It may be 6 or 8 weeks before you hear from anyone...we've not forgotten you...we're working on it! OK?

If you would like to be listed just write: "VISIT-BY-MAIL," c/o Christian Prison Volunteers, Box 1949, Hollywood, CA 90028.

THE COVER picture is the cross which continually shines over Hollywood by the Pilgrimage Theater. To Hollywood Boulevard it is ever a reminder that Jesus died to save lost souls.

BIBLE CORRESPONDENCE courses are available for your personal Bible study and life enrichment. Certificates of completion are given for each course satisfactorily completed. Special consideration is made for all prisoners. Write for FREE first course and information. Address: Emmaus Correspondence School, Box 822, San Leandro, CA 94577

HOW DO YOU TELL THE WHOLE WORLD ABOUT JESUS?

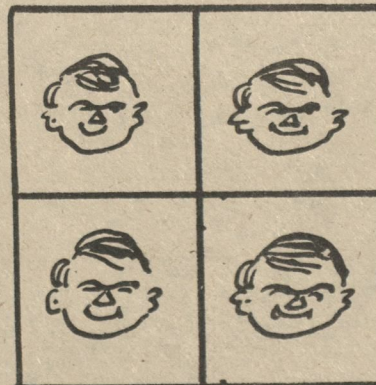


FIRST, YOU TELL TWO FRIENDS...



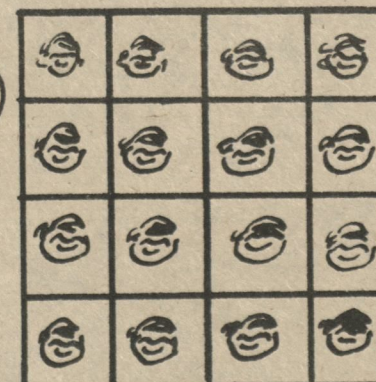
THEN THEY EACH TELL TWO FRIENDS...

③



AND THEY EACH TELL TWO FRIENDS

④



AND THEY EACH TELL TWO FRIENDS...

...AND SO ON AND SO ON... AND SO ON...

THE HOLLYWOOD FREE PAPER is published 4 times a year by Christian Prison Volunteers. It is distributed freely through chapel programs inside prisons, jails and youth correction centers both in the United States and abroad.

A complimentary copy is also sent to anyone on the outside who financially supports this ministry. All gifts are receipted and are income tax deductible.

Also, for those on the outside, copies of the HOLLYWOOD FREE PAPER are available for personal distribution. Your donation helps with the printing and shipping costs. We will send you 35 copies for \$3 and 100 for each additional \$5 as requested. The newspapers come boxed, shipped by United Parcel Service to your door.

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Some New Want-to's -DUANE PEDERSON

DID YOU SEE the TV commercial where the new car buyer says, "I didn't give up big car roominess...I didn't even give up a comfortable ride...all I gave up were frequent stops at the gas station..." Smile!

Every once in a while someone tries to tell me that he doesn't want to accept the free gift of life that Jesus Christ is offering because there would be so many things he would have to give up.

"Give up...living the good life?"

Jesus said, "I have come that you might have life and have it abundantly." (John 10:10). Jesus wants us to live life to its fullest.

Jesus said, "...I give to you eternal life." (John 10:28). He wants us to live life now and also to live eternally with Him.

"Give up...all my things?"

The Bible says, "God...will graciously give us all things." (Romans 8:32). "Put your hope in God, who richly provides us with everything for our enjoyment." (1 Timothy 6:17). God wants to give us good things to enjoy and to make life complete. God also said, "He will give you all your heart's desires." (Psalm 37:4). In my life this has turned out to mean that he has also given me new want to's. Some things I used to want to do are no longer important to me. I now want to do things that are even more fun and exciting than the things I used to do. Smile!

"Give up...parties?"

Jesus told several stories in Luke 15:1-32 about people having parties for different reasons and purposes in their lives. He likened these parties to celebrations in heaven. "There is rejoicing in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner who repents." (Luke 15:10). So what I'm saying is when you make your decision to accept Jesus Christ and His teachings, you'll have real reason to rejoice and even the angels in heaven will rejoice and celebrate when you do.

"Give up?"

Well, yes. There are some things you'll give up. You'll give up all your past sin, your guilt over wrong doing, all the garbage and junk you've gotten yourself into. Yes, these are the things you'll give up for your new life in Jesus Christ.

"Therefore, if anyone is in Jesus Christ, he is a new person, the old has gone, the new has come." (II Corinthians 5:17).

Want to know more? Don't give up! There is hope! Check out what God really has to say to you and learn all about His new life for you.

It's all written down in the Bible. If you need a Bible ask your chaplain for one...or write to me: Duane Pederson, Box 1949, Hollywood, CA 90028. I'll send you a New Testament free...no strings.

Smile! You might call it a little help from a friend.

God loves you.



94% WAS

NOT ENOUGH!

WENDELL BURTON

AS A CHILD GROWING UP in the southwest I thought I was a Christian. Most people in Texas and Oklahoma make that claim. I came from a church family. When I was 12 I was baptized.

...And at that time I gave God 94% of my life. I held back on a controlling 6%! I was afraid God would want to send me to Guatemala as a missionary and I didn't want to go. Now as I look back I can see that hanging on to that 6% was a big mistake. It gave me years of frustration, confusion and spiritual emptiness.

During those years I did enjoy success in the theatrical world.

We moved to San Francisco where I went to college. While a student at Sonoma State I was encouraged to try out for a play. I wound up with the male lead. Soon after that I was given the part of Charlie Brown in the original San Francisco production of You're a Good Man, Charlie Brown.

Then came a big break. I was tapped to play the male lead in the Paramount Production of The Sterile Cuckoo. I played opposite Liza Minelli. Soon after that I was making guest appearances on Medical Center, Love American Style, The Rookies and Dr. Kildare. I also did some television movies: The Red Badge of Courage, Journey from Darkness and Go Ask Alice.

But success did not make me happy.

I was looking for something to fill the emptiness which I felt inside. I was perplexed and confused. I tried Scientology, meditation and a number of the Indian religions. Finally, hoping to find something that would satisfy me, I made a trip to India. I went with a group committed to search together to find a spiritual foundation.

The first leg of our journey took us from the United States to London. This was a spiritual quest so I took my Bible along. The movie on the plane that night was Godspell. I can't say that this film changed my life, but it did make a dent on my thought processes.

What impressed me more was a chance meeting that I had with one of the world's great champions of Christianity in its battle with Communism. Rev. Richard Wurmbrandt was on that London plane.



Father

Father of day and Father of night,
Father, help me with my fight.
Father of me and Father of you,
Father of words that are so true.

You give my being the gift of love;
You filled my soul with life above.
You know that I could not keep hiding;
I know your love is forever abiding.

Father of rivers and Father of streams,
Father, you've stopped my tortured dreams.
Father of oceans and Father of sea,
Father, please help the others like me.

The sanity you've helped me to find
Is keeping my soul from falling down blind.
You let me know there is a reason
For staying alive throughout this season.

Father of air and Father of land,
Father, please take me by the hand.
Father of sun and Father of moon,
Father, send Jesus for us real soon.

-- David Heltman

Immortality

Do not stand at my grave and weep.
I am not there. I do not sleep.

I am a thousand winds that blow;
I am the diamond glints on snow.
I am the sunlight on ripened grain;
I am the gentle autumn rain.
When you awake in the morning hush
I am the swift unflinching rush
Of quiet birds in circling flight.
I am the soft star-shine at night.

Do not stand at my grave and cry...
I am not there. I did not die.

-- Paul Ingram

Trust in Jesus

If you search for peace and comfort
As upon life's road with us,
You will gain the joys you're after
If you turn yourself to Jesus.

Or if your life is dark and dreary
And you falter by the way,
Pray to Jesus; He will guide you
When the sun is bright all day.

When ill health torments your being,
Talk it over with the Lord,
And you'll find the strength to face it;
Faith will be a just reward.

Matters not to Jesus how you fall,
Jesus lends His loving hand;
Grasp it tight and you will journey
To a wondrous promised land.

There is never need to give up
Should you stumble of ma be cuss --
For the way of life is smoother
If you only trust in Jesus.

-- William J. Couture

Pastor Wurmbrandt saw me reading my Bible. He leaned over and asked, "Are you a Christian?"

"Y-yes," I stammered. "...I came from a Christian home...I think so..."

"I didn't come from a Christian home." This man bore down hard on me. "I was born a Jew! But I tell everyone I meet that he must confess his sins before Jesus Christ and receive forgiveness."

In the London airport Pastor Wurmbrandt again stood beside me. As we stood there waiting for our baggage there was something about this strange man that disturbed me.

Once more I had the claims of Christ presented to me. But I wasn't ready.

My luggage came up on the carousel. I grabbed it as quickly as I could. I ventured a look toward Pastor Wurmbrandt. I knew his eyes were drilling through me. I mumbled, "Thankyou...See you later." I backed off and lost myself in the crowd.

Soon my friends and I were in New Delhi. For the next 2½ months we ran around India looking for a guru. We wanted final answers to spiritual questions.

I kept picking up my Bible. Even as we searched I knew that Jesus is the Way. But I kept struggling with yoga, Zen, Hinduism, meditation and a lot of things.

After all that time in India I was more confused than ever. I returned home troubled and depressed. I had made no commitment to anything.

Back in Hollywood one night I accepted an invitation to go to a Bible study. This was held for theater people up in Laurel Canyon. Stunt man Bobby Yerkes was the leader.

That evening I was re-introduced to Jesus. I saw Him as I had never seen Him before. But I still was not quite ready to turn my life over to Jesus.

A few days later I was all alone. I was reading a book by a Jew who accepted Jesus as Messiah and started worshipping at the First Baptist Church of Beverly Hills.

Suddenly it all came together. Things I had learned at the Laurel Canyon Bible study. Thoughts I had picked up while reading my Bible in India. The probing conversation I had with Pastor Wurmbrandt. The 94% commitment I had made when I was baptized at age 12.

With a quick leap of faith I made that commitment 100%. I gave Jesus everything: complete control, total commitment.

That was back in 1974.

Since then I have been blessed beyond explaining.

I am working in the ministry of the Hollywood Free Theater. I am helping Duane Pederson as a Christian Prison Volunteer. I lead a group of Hollywood girls in a daily Bible study.

A trip around the world took me nowhere. But one word of confession with its total commitment to Jesus Christ has given me life!

Praise God!

HE TOUCHED ME and I CHANGED

BY JAMES WARREN

AFTER BEING TRANSPORTED by van to the federal prison in Kansas the hopelessness of my condition hit me square in the face. I was 600 miles from my home in Texas. I wouldn't be seeing Thelma, my wife, for a while. I was up for 10 years.

It wasn't that prison was anything new to me. I had been in and out of reform schools, jails and prisons since I was a kid. I'd been stealing, shoplifting, forging checks and shooting heroin for 25 years -- I was 5 years old when my mother sent me to the grocery store and I started stealing candy bars.

But 10 years! That was three times as long a sentence as I had ever had before. They had me for theft, burglaries and shoplifting. I had been in and out of the penitentiary three times so they had me labeled as a "habitual criminal."

I was lonesome and depressed. I didn't know what to do.

My first inclination was to run to drugs. I knew I could get them. And that is exactly what I did -- for a while. But there was something inside me that was more powerful. It kicked to be released or expressed. But I didn't give in. I felt trapped.

I decided to write to Rose. This was a lady I had worked for in a small town in Texas.

Rose had given me some unique and unexplainable help in surprising ways in the past.

She was kind of a spiritual advisor. She wrote back with what seemed some strange advice. She said:

Dear James,

Nice to hear from you. I want you to read the 70th Psalm of David if you have a Bible. We all sin. Don't think about that. Just pray to God who is our Heavenly Father. You pray 7 times a day. I am praying for you.
-- Rosie

Rose had given me some magic formulas before so I thought these instructions were supposed to bring about some kind of happening which would get me out of prison.

So later that month I went before the parole board expecting to go home. Instead I was flopped for another two years (and later I got three more).

It was then that my life began to change. I did exactly as Rose had instructed. But this was not with the intention of finding God in my life. Each evening after work I'd take my Bible and read the 70th Psalm, though it meant nothing to me.

Slowly I developed an interest in the rest of the Bible. Soon I was actually praying 7 times a day -- mostly just the Lord's Prayer because that was all I knew. Finally I was impressed to fast -- I'd read about this in a testimony by Pat Boone in some teenage magazine.

Once I fasted for three days, not knowing exactly why. But I did realize it wasn't to get out of prison. It was for Christ to come into my heart. I was beginning to trust God even though I didn't know what to expect.

Soon I was led to go to church. I had gone many times before, though not in the past 14 years. Earlier I had gone as a 5 year old shoplifter. I had gone with my sister. I had gone with my wife. I had sung in the choir. But nobody had ever convinced me that I needed to make a total commitment of myself to Jesus. And once again in church I did not hear the witness that led me to Jesus. But my praying and my Bible reading kept me going to church even though one of my friends really made fun of me.

I have to say that my conversion was completely the work of the Holy Spirit. It wasn't a visitor who witnessed to me, nor a tract, nor a sermon. Suddenly the Holy Spirit brought all of the things I had learned about Christ to my remembrance.

Suddenly everything fell into place. I was in the prison chapel and a visiting evangelist was the speaker. At the close of the service the evangelist sang the song, "He Touched Me." And at that moment God really did. I accepted Christ right where I stood. I prayed the sinner's prayer and was a new person in Christ Jesus.

That was May 12, 1974.

For a while the change was not in evidence. I hung around with the same crowd and did some things a real Christian should not do. But on October 12, 1974, my birthday, God filled me with the Holy Spirit and there was a dramatic difference in my life.

Since then I have been growing in Jesus and accepting more responsibility as a Christian leader. I have led singing, taught Sunday School and been the ministerial leader of a group of Black Christians.

But the highlight of my Christian life so far began when I was re-united with Thelma on a release for my mother's funeral. Later Thelma came to see me in prison. I invited her to accept Jesus. . . and she did. It was beautiful!

I thank God for Rose, for Psalm 70, for the night God touched me in the prison chapel and for the change the Holy Spirit has made in my life.



Victory in CHRIST

BY MARTIN SANTIAGO

I WAS A MIXED UP KID when I was growing up in Chicago.

I always carried a gun and a knife. There was nothing of interest in my life. I was caught up in my own insanity. Most of my thoughts were evil. I would have hurt anyone standing in my way.

My friends were the same.

We used to have someone buy us a cheap bottle of wine. Then we would drop some reds. When we got loaded out of our minds it didn't matter what we did as long as we had a good time.

Many times the police came looking for us. I would be sent back to the same old "House of Correction." I hated it.



After a while things got real bad for me on the streets. I was picked up for assaulting a police officer with the use of a weapon. Then came a repeat of the same charge. My gang robbed, assaulted, stabbed and shot victims at random. We destroyed everything in our path including each other.

My parents were there and tried to help. But I wouldn't listen. When I was 9 they had become strong in the Lord. They insisted that I go to church, but I refused to listen. I remember when I was 17 I was in court and the judge was going to throw the book at me. I looked over at my mother and saw her break down in tears. I never before had realized how much I had been hurting her through the years.

At that time the court gave me a choice: prison or the army. I enlisted. Soon my life was the same in the service as it had been on the streets. I went through three full years of army life. Those years included 6 months in the stockade.

When I came out of the army I was bitter. I still had found no real meaning in life. And I was so miserable that there were times when I cried out to God to remove my insanity and cleanse me. But when I called out to God I wanted His help on my terms, not His.

Unable to find peace, I became a heavy user of heroin. I didn't want to think about being sober and having a clear mind. To provide myself with the drugs I needed I was stealing and pulling robberies every night. Of course I was caught.

During my trial I recall one night when I fell into a trance-like sleep. Something was choking me. I awoke in a cold sweat. I had a rosary hanging on a picture of Jesus beside my bed; I put it around my neck. I asked God to protect me from the evil spirit that had been attacking me. I was really frightened. I believe now that I was getting ready to surrender my life to Christ Jesus and make Him my personal savior.

Soon I did accept Jesus into my life forever. I experienced the real love that God has for us in Jesus.

I was sentenced. Finally I found myself in San Quentin. I did not like this at all. But I have learned to stand strong and I know that there was a reason why I came here.

I have had the privilege of serving as a cell minister for those locked up in different security sections. I have been able to encourage others in the Lord, and this has blessed me. Here in prison I have learned that the mighty power of the Lord is in a beautiful love between the brothers. My heart is touched daily by His grace. I have learned that the fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom.

I am no longer rebellious.

I have victory in Christ Jesus. Jesus claimed it for me on the cross of Calvary. I have been cleansed by the blood of the lamb.

I am now drawn nearer to God with a sincere heart in full assurance of faith. I am no longer in the world. I am in the mighty hands of our Father.



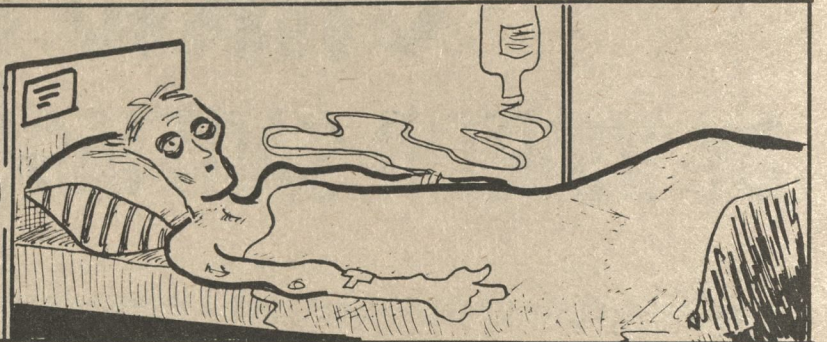
JESUS
CAME TO

EXALT

the AFFLICTED

SEE
ISAIAH
61:1-3

TO BRING
GOOD
NEWS
TO THE
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TO
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...TO PROCLAIM

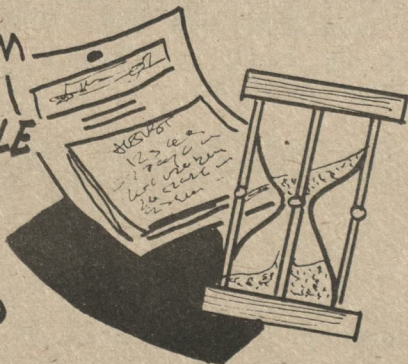
LIBERTY

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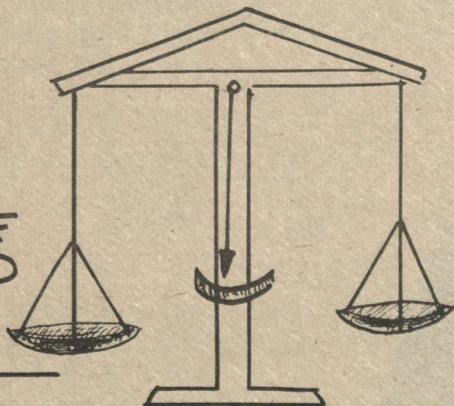
FREEDOM
TO
PRISONERS



... TO
PROCLAIM
THE
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YEAR
OF
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LORD



... AND THE
DAY OF
VENGEANCE
OF OUR GOD



... TO COMFORT ALL WHO
MOURN...
TO
GRANT
THOSE
WHO
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IN
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...GIVING THEM
A GARLAND
INSTEAD OF
ASHES...



THE OIL OF GLADNESS
INSTEAD OF MOURNING

... THE MANTLE



OF
PRAISE
INSTEAD
OF A
SPIRIT
OF
FAINTING!

JACKSON
WILCOX

SO BECOME
an OAK OF RIGHTEOUSNESS
BY
RECEIVING
JESUS.

